

The New-York Weekly Magazine; OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.]

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[No. 39.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON THE CREATION.

TO contemplate the many wonders exemplified in the formation of the earth, and all that in it is; to observe with attention the striking regularity of the works of our almighty Creator; must ever remain a source of instruction and delight to the more enlightened and intelligent part of mankind. The earth, the air, and the water, form extensive fields for a fertile imagination: In the first are the brute Creation, in which we behold the greatest exactness and propriety, from the mighty and awe-inspiring Elephant, even to the puny and insignificant insect; on the earth also we observe the wisdom of the Almighty in forming every useful thing for his unworthy favourite man. In the heavens are the same magnificent proofs of the omnipotence of the wise author of existence; The planets which roll over their extensive orbs: the sun, the moon, and the stars, all form a grand spectacle, at once pleasing to the sight and instructive to the mind. These are not all the wonders of the creation; in the finny tribe who inhabit the waters, are to be seen the same wonders which are in every part of God's works: but were I to attempt to recite all the mercies and indulgences which we enjoy, my pen would soar far above my abilities, and outstretch the plan of my present intentions; but last though greatest is man, the unworthy representative of the King of kings, possessed of powers and abilities above all the other parts of the creation, he is declared their lord and master, the exact symmetry which shines so conspicuously through all his features, at once shews the peculiar care which his maker has exerted in his creation.

Frail man, how blest'd in each desire,
How happy is thy lot;
These mercies should his love inspire,
But are by most forgot.

ALEXIS.

NEW-YORK, March 23, 1796.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

THE analogy between the last period of human life and sleep is very obvious and striking. At the time of rest the senses are imperceptibly stolen away; the mental powers are suspended in their operations. The spirits are oppressed by the vis inertiae of matter. A total inactivity takes place. A temporary death ensues. The Almighty has, in his great wisdom, made the one emblematical of the other. For what purpose? To remind us continually of what it is the duty, as well as interests of every man not to be unmindful of. Various are the methods of providence to awaken a supine world to diligence and circumspection. Though many of them appear to such short-sighted mortals as we are, perplexed, obscure, and irregular; nevertheless they are, in the sum total, replete with the most perfect order, wisdom, and fitness for answering the purposes of creation, and producing the supreme good of man. Mr. Addison, the brilliant luminary of the age in which he lived, has, with his usual "Naivete," and gracefulness, delineated the celestial establishment in this particular.

"The ways of heaven are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with error,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search:
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends."

I have somewhere seen a monumental inscription strongly expressive of a total annihilation of worldly splendor, by death's fatal stroke.

—Here lies the great!
False marble! where?
Nothing but sordid ashes there.

Sir Walter Raleigh, in his soliloquy on mortality, says: Just---mighty---and eloquent Death! What no one dared to do, thou hast done. Thou hast collected together the far extended greatness of human nature, and covered it over with these two narrow words, *hic jacet*. Here lyeth.

To conclude; As death is a tribute we must all pay sooner or later to nature, it should be our particular study to be, at all times, prepared to answer the summons, and make our exit with resignation.

MENALCUS AND ALEXIS.

Translated from the German of Gessner.

MENALCUS was old. Four-score years had already bowed down his head. The silver hairs shadowed his forehead, and a snowy beard flowed o'er his breast. A staff secured his tottering steps. As he who after the labours of a fair summer's day, in the cool evening sits down content, and thanks the gods, waiting for peaceful slumbers: so Menalcus consecrated the remainder of his days to repose, and to the worship of the gods; for he has passed his life in labour and beneficence, and therefore tranquil and resigned he waited for the slumbers of the grave.

Menalcus saw blessings diffused among his children. He had given them numerous flocks and fertile pastures. Full of tender anxiety, they each one strove to cheer his latter days, and to repay the cares he had taken of their tender years. 'Tis a duty that the gods never leave unrecompensed. Often seated at his cottage door, in the sun's gentle warmth, he surveyed his gardens cultivated with the greatest care, and far distant off the labours and the riches of the fields. With an affable and courteous air he engaged the passenger to sit down by him: gladly he heard the news of neighbouring villages, and was pleased to learn of strangers, the manners and the customs of far distant countries.

His children and his children's children came playing about him, the most delightful amusement of his age. The judge of their diversion, he decided their trifling disagreements. He taught them to be just, mild, and compassionate, to men and to the least of animals. With the various sports he learnt them, still he mixed some simple and affecting truth. He made for them the instruments of their diversions. They came incessantly crying to him---"O now make us this---and then that." When they had got them, they threw their arms round his neck, they leaped for joy, while the old man smiled at their transports. He taught them to cut the reeds into pipes and whistles. He instructed them to call the sheep and goats to the pasture, and back again to the fold. He composed songs for them, which were sung by the youngest, accompanied on the pipe by the eldest. At other times he told them some affecting story; then they all sat round him on the ground, or on the threshold of the door, with their mouths half open, and their eyes fixed upon his lips.

One day as he was sitting at the entrance of his cottage refreshing himself in the morning sun, no one was with him but his grandson Alexis. The lovely youth had not yet seen fourteen winters. The roses of the spring of life and health bloomed on his cheeks, while locks of gold flowed o'er his shoulders. The old man entertained him with discourses on the happiness of doing good to mankind, and of relieving the indigent. "There is no pleasure," he said, "can equal that we feel after a virtuous action. The brilliant charms of Aurora, the sweet setting of the sun, the morn that pierces through

"the sable veil of night, all fill the heart with delicious sensations---But what beneficence inspires!--O my son, it is far, far more delicious!" Tears of joy and tenderness bedewed the cheeks of young Alexis. The old man saw them with transport.---"You weep, my child," he said fixing his eyes tenderly on him: "surely my discourse alone could not cause these tears! There is something in thy heart that makes them flow."

Alexis wiped the drops from his rosy cheeks, but his eyes still filled with fresh tears. "Oh! I know, yes I feel, that nothing is so sweet as doing good."

Menalcus was affected; he pressed the youth's hand in his, and said, "I see by thy countenance, I read in thine eyes, that thy mind is affected, and that it is not merely by what I have said."

The young shepherd, abashed, turned away his face. "Was not your discourse affecting enough to cover my cheeks with tears?"

"I see, my child," replied Menalcus, "I see, that you hide from me, perhaps for the first time, that which makes thy bosom pant, and even now stands upon thy lips."

"Well, then," said Alexis, restraining his tears, "I will tell you all which but for you I should have concealed for ever at the bottom of my heart. Have I not learnt from you, that he who boasts of the good he does is but good by halves. It was for that reason I would have concealed from you what made my heart throb, what convinced me so pleasingly that the satisfaction of doing good is the most delicious pleasure of our lives. One of our sheep had strayed; I went to seek it on the hills, when I heard a voice: I crept to the part from whence the voice came, and I perceived a man. He took from his shoulders a heavy burden, and, sighing, laid it on the ground. 'I cannot, no,' he said, 'I cannot go any further. How full of bitterness are my days! A scanty and wretched subsistence is all I obtain by my labour. Many hours have I wandered, loaded with this burden, amidst the noonday's heat, and I can find no spring to quench my thirst, no tree, not even a bush, whose fruit can refresh me. And, gods, I see nothing around me but frightful deserts; no path appears to lead me to my hut, and my tottering knees cannot support me longer. Yet I will not murmur. Gods! you have always succoured me.' Thus lamenting, he laid himself exhausted on his burden. Then, without being perceived, I ran with all my strength to our cottage. I instantly put in a basket fresh and dry fruits, and filled my largest flagon with milk. I flew back to the mountain, and again found the unhappy man. He was then in a peaceful slumber. Softly, quite softly, I approached him, set the basket and flagon of milk by his side, and hid myself behind the bushes. He soon awoke. 'What a sweet refreshment is sleep,' he said; then looking on his burden, 'I will now try to carry thee further, for hast thou not served as a pillow to my head? Perhaps the gods will direct my steps, that I may soon hear the

"murmur of some fountain, or that I may find some cottage whose hospitable master will receive me under his roof." At the moment he was taking up his load, he perceived the flagon and the basket. The burden fell from his hands. "Gods," he cried, "what do I see! Alas! my want disturbs my senses! I surely dream; and when I shall awake, all will vanish. But---no, I am---awake. O gods, it is no dream!" He laid his hands upon the fruit---"Yes, I am awake! What divinity, O! what propitious power, hath wrought this miracle! To thee I pour the first drops of this milk, and to thee I consecrate these two apples, the fairest of the sacket. Receive, O! vouchsafe favourably to receive my grateful offerings! Thou knowest the sincerity of my heart." He then sat down and eat, while tears of joy ran down his face. When he was refreshed, he rose and offered his thanks once more to the power that had watched over him with so much goodness. "Or have the gods," he said, "have they sent hither some beneficent mortal! Why cannot I see and embrace him! Where art thou? Let me thank and blest thee! May the gods blest him! blest the generous man, all that are his, and all that are dear to him! I am satisfied. I will take with me these fruits: my wife and children shall eat of them, and blest with me our unknown benefactor." He went his way and I wept for joy.

"I then ran through the bushes, that I might get before him. I sat myself down on the side of the road through which he must pass. He came, he saluted me and said, 'My son, hast thou seen any one in these mountains bearing a flagon and a basket of fruit?' 'No, I have seen no one on these mountains bearing a flagon and a basket of fruit; but,' I said, 'how came you in this desert? you must surely have lost your way! There is no path that leads hither.' 'Alas! my child,' he said, 'yes I did unluckily lose my way; and, if some beneficent deity---or if it were a mortal the gods blest him!--if some beneficent power had not saved me, I should have perished with hunger and thirst on these mountains.' Let me shew thee thy way; give me thy burden, that I may carry it, and thou wilt the more easily follow me."

"After refusing a long time, he gave me the burden, and I conducted him to the road that leads to his cottage. This, my father, is what makes me still weep with joy. What I did cost me little trouble, yet every time I think on it, the remembrance delights me like the sweet morning air. How happy must he be who has done a great deal of good!" The old man embraced the youth with the sweetest transports of pleasure. "Ah! now I shall descend without regret to the grave, since I leave behind me in my cottage piety and beneficence."

MAXIM.

Prudent and sensible men are always ready to acknowledge, that the company of women frequently keeps an assembly alive, which would otherwise be dull and heavy; and, indeed, what are all parties of pleasure, unless women form a part of them?

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE EXECUTION.

A PATHETIC FRAGMENT.

UNHAPPY wretch! this day thou must be launched into eternity! Before the sun has set, on thee 'twill set to rise no more!--Alas! that a mortal, in cool blood, should be precipitated out of time---should, by fellow creatures, be sentenced to death.

I approached the place of execution, and placed myself near where the unfortunate victim was to pass. After an interval of some minutes he came, guarded by the officers of justice. With eyes upraised, and streaming with tears, he was supplicating Nature's God for forgiveness. A clergyman attended, like the good Samaritan, to impart to the culprit the oil and wine of gospel grace. They ascended the scaffold together---"The God that formed thee, delighteth in mercy! it is one of his dearest attributes---He sent his only Son into our world for the purpose of saving a lost and undone race! and he tells us in his gospel, that *he that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out!*" With such arguments did the man of God endeavour to console his breast. He might have seen better days, if mercy had prevailed; or if laws less sanguinary were adopted. Had he been sentenced to rigorous imprisonment in a solitary cell, time and reflection would doubtless have wrought a lasting change, in a heart not naturally bad. It was his first offence---Curses be ascribed to the liquor which is drawn from the cane. In the moment of inebriation, he had, not knowing what he did, shed the blood of a fellow mortal, stern justice had demanded his life---and life so sweet to all, must be the forfeit of his dreadful crime.

I stood still, and viewed him attentively. He appeared lost in thought for some time. The sheriff reminded him that he had but a few moments to live. He started, and exclaimed---"How can I leave the world in this unprepared state! Why was there not time given me, wherein I could have made my peace with God?---must I then die!"---His swelling heart would not permit him to utter more---He was turned off!---

L. B.

NEW-YORK, March 24, 1796.

A Solution to the Enigmatical list of Handsome young Gentlemen in No. 37.

1. Mr. Beekman.
2. Mr. Gedney.
3. Mr. Vandervoort.
4. Mr. Rodman.
5. Mr. Constant.
6. Mr. Cozine.
7. Mr. Irvin.
8. Mr. Brower.
9. Mr. Mix.
10. Mr. Rose.

VERITAS.

NEW-YORK, March 19, 1796.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;

OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA*P*A.

UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 302.)

THE Count received a letter from Amelia, in which the history of her recovery was related in a manner entirely different from the account of her valet de chambre. "Having been seized with a death like fainting fit, (these are her very words) I received a visit from the *Unknown*, who, as I afterwards have been told by my people, poured some drops out of a small phial into my mouth and left me, after he had given orders to my nurse, to give me whatever I should desire upon my recovery from my state of insensibility.—Awaking from my swoon, I felt a violent hunger and thirst, which were no sooner appeased, than I was animated with new life and vigour. The next day I was able to leave my bed, and, in a short time, was as well as ever I had been. My valet (added she) has disappeared suddenly, and I have not seen him since."

The latter circumstance left no doubt of Palefski's being in the pay of the Irishman. Probably he apprehended that his secret correspondence with that impostor would be detected sooner or later, and for that reason disappeared in good time.—What else than such a connection with the *Unknown* could have prompted him to write two letters which contained so many fictions, entirely to the advantage of the Irishman. If he had related the fact in a simple and natural manner, like the Countess, I should indeed have thought the benefactor of Amelia to be a skilful, or least a fortunate physician: however, the manner in which he represented the matter could not but produce an effect quite different. Palefski had the greatest reason to suspect the Irishman would appear to me a kind of superior being. To resuscitate by a touch and a few words a dead person, who had been in her coffin three days and nights; this could not have been effected by natural means, and it was not the fault of the Irishman or Palefski, that I received a true account of the matter, contrary to their expectation, which entirely dissolved the charm. On the other side, let us suppose this accident had not happened, I had not got acquainted with the Count, and consequently not seen Amelia's account, would then my belief in the Irishman's supernatural power not have been nursed, strengthened and raised to the highest pitch. "O! it is doubtless!" I exclaimed, "that these two fellows have been leagued, and availed themselves of my weak side; it is doubtless that they acted in concert, when my tutor, Amelia, and myself were deceived by the pretended apparition."

Count Clairval and my tutor were highly rejoiced to see me cured of my prejudices, which had chained me to the *Unknown* with iron fetters, and threatened to produce the most dreadful consequences. I myself was glad to have been freed in time from an error which had

been rooted so deeply in my soul, and thanked the Count with sensations of the sincerest gratitude for having delivered me twice from the power of the Irishman.

The Count had gained the favour of the Prince of Braganza in a high degree, being an excellent companion, and the Prince fond of social pleasures. He therefore accompanied my tutor and myself every evening to the Prince, where we spent our time in the most agreeable manner. One evening, the latter gave a little feast, and all the guests were already assembled except my tutor, who had missed to come at the fixed hour. I sent my servant several times for him, but he always returned without being able to find him out. This accident made me very uneasy, and the Count and myself did not know what to think of it. It grew late, and still my tutor did not come. The feast was finished, the company left the house, two hours after midnight were passed, and we were still waiting in vain for him, seized with anxious apprehension. At length, I went home accompanied by the Count. The hope of finding him at our hotel winged our steps; however, we were sadly disappointed, the apartment and the bed of my tutor being empty. Seized with terror, we awakened the landlord, inquiring after my governor, but neither he nor his people could tell us more, than that he had left the house at nine o'clock. The night elapsed amid anxious bodings, morning began to dawn, and my tutor did not appear. My apprehensions and anxiety surpassed all description. I put every one around me in motion, dispatched messengers to search for him every where, and rode with the Count to all the neighbouring places, but we returned late at night without having seen or heard more of him than our messengers. Three days elapsed amid fruitless searches. I spared neither money nor promises, and the Prince himself did every thing in his power to find him out, but in vain! we could not trace him out. The last ray of hope disappeared, making room to the most tormenting pain of mind, which baffled every attempt of the Count to comfort me.

One day as I was musing on the greatness of my loss, and was walking up and down the room in gloomy reverie, the Count received a letter from the magistrate. He opened, read, and gave it me with marks of surprise and astonishment. I read the following lines:

"MY LORD,

"I am going to communicate to you matters which certainly will far surpass your expectation and appear very improbable, nay, even contradictory to you, though they are literally true. I acted right before the tribunal of my conscience, when I ordered the Irishman to be taken up, and yet I repent of it sincerely. It was the Irishman who has ruined me in the East Indies, and yet I cannot reproach him for it. He cheated the banker of 15,000*l.* and yet he is, at least in my eyes, justified on that account. My former hatred against him is changed into admiration, and I wish most ardently it were in my power to de-

“liver him from the prison, where a severe doom awaits him. Hear, how these apparent contradictions are connected.

“Two days after your departure, the Irishman sent for me. Several—perhaps not very honourable—reasons, prompted me to grant his request. ‘You have taken me up,’ said he, when I entered his dungeon, ‘because you think I was the author of your misfortune and cheated the banker. You have acted right in your opinion, and I have not sent for you in order to reproach you, although you are to be blamed on account of the precipitation with which you acted; nor have I sent for you, because I think it my duty to account to you for my actions. There is but *one*,’ said he with a solemn accent, uncovering his head and lifting up his eyes to heaven, ‘there is but *one* to whom I am accountable. I acknowledge no other judge but him who has sent me, and whose secret orders to execute I am deputed to man. I have sent for you for no other reason,’ he continued, covering his head, ‘than to rectify your erroneous notions. You believe that I have committed an ignoble, mean action, by robbing the banker of that sum; I forgive you this error, for it is the common melancholic lot of mortals to judge of matters and actions by their external appearance. You will think otherwise when you shall have learnt the real state of that matter. Do you know that Finaldi in whose service you have been? Do you know that his immense wealth is the fruit of the most sordid avarice, and abominable usury; that in his chests the property of a thousand ruined families, ruined by his oppression, is buried, and that his money is stained with the tears of widows and orphans? A man of a noble heart, who in the times of prosperity had raised the penniless Finaldi from the dust, by loans of great amount, to the highest pinnacle of abundance, lost the greatest part of his property through his unbounded liberality, and partly through miscarried undertakings. He applied to Finaldi for assistance, and that ungrateful wretch completed his ruin, by extorting from him exorbitant interests. Misery and pungent grief, undermined the health of the hapless man by degrees, and threw him at length upon the bed of sickness. He sent his wife to the banker to implore his assistance: Finaldi promised to relieve him, but under conditions which filled his chaste consort with horror and contempt. She went home weeping and helpless, and experienced the additional misery to return empty handed to seven half-starved children, who were crying for bread. ‘Go you to him, my children,’ the afflicted father said, ‘perhaps the sight of you may move his heart!’ But the good man was deceived, for the barbarian ordered his servants to kick them out of the house. That deed cried to heaven for punishment. I went to the unhappy sufferer, asking him whether he could resolve to leave the East-Indies, if I could procure him 15,000*l*.? He affirmed it, and I carried that sum out of the coffers of the banker to his house; that is, I restored to the ruined man one part of his proper-

ty, and the happy family left with me, the country where they had been treated with savage cruelty.—’ Here the Irishman paused, expecting my answer.

“‘Concerning that matter,’ I replied, ‘you have justified yourself; at least, to *my* satisfaction; but will you not let me know the means which you made use of, in order to get the sum in question in your possession?’

“The Irishman mused awhile, and then said, ‘The means which I made use of are very simple, and for that reason you will not think them worth notice. But as they were most fit and safe to execute a laudable design, prudence bade me to use them. I had got intelligence that the greatest part of the banker’s treasure was kept in the second story, and in the dead of night, got upon a ladder to the windows. Having opened the shutters and windows with proper instruments, I descended into the room, and examined it by the light of a lanthorn, which illuminated only that spot where I was, while the rest of the apartment remained dark. Having opened the repositories and chests with a master-key, a row of money-bags presented itself to my eyes. Every one of them was marked with a slip of paper, upon which the amount of the sum which they contained, and the coin was wrote. I marked instantly the numbers of those bags which I designed for the unfortunate family, and sealed them with my own seal. Then I wrote a letter to the banker, in which I informed him that I was sending him 15,000*l*. in piastres, begging him to keep that sum, ‘till I should demand it back. Having sealed this letter after I had taken a copy, I opened it and laid it upon one of the money-bags which I had marked. Then I locked the repositories and the chest, and left the apartment in the same manner I had entered it. What happened the day following, I need not tell you.’

“‘I must confess,’ I exclaimed, ‘you have executed your plan in a masterly manner—I only think,’ added I, after a short pause, ‘the means too human, and ill-becoming a man who can work miracles.’ ‘Who told you that I can work *miracles*?’ The Irishman replied. ‘No one except the great Ruler of the world, can interrupt the course of nature, and alter her laws; at most, mortals may serve him as instruments to execute the wonders of his omnipotence. I do not deny that I have been appointed several times to be a minister of Providence, but no mortal being can work miracles on his own accord. The whole of the power intrusted to me, consists in the knowledge and application of such powers of nature as are concealed from the short sighted eye of mortals. At the same time I cannot but confess, that the mysterious deeds which I perform by virtue of that knowledge, appear to men to be wonders, because the spectator is unacquainted with the means by which they are effected. Mark well what I am going to tell you now. Although the higher unknown powers of nature are at my command, yet this power has been intrusted to me, only under the condition never to make an improper use of it, and never to have recourse to it while common human means shall be suf-

"ficient to attain my view. And this was the case in the affair of the banker, when I determined to save an unhappy family from ruin. There nothing was wanting, as the event has proved, but art and precaution, and consequently I durst not have recourse to the higher power entrusted to me."

"This doubt," said I, "you also have cleared up to my satisfaction; but what will you answer, if I ask you how I have deserved to have been rendered miserable by you? Why did you ruin the happiness of an innocent man, while you saved an unfortunate family from ruin?" "I could tell you," the Irishman resumed, "that in a case of collision, the happiness of an individual must be sacrificed to the welfare of a whole family; however, I have no need to have recourse to that sophism. It was not I who destroyed your happiness, it was you. Why did you flee? Was you not conscious of your innocence? No one could have convicted you of a breach of trust. Besides, I had taken care that three days after my departure, a letter was delivered to the banker, in which I explained to him the means by which he had lost his money, and the reason which had prompted me to rob him of that sum. Thus you would have been cleared of all suspicion, have retained your place in Finaldi's house, and not lost your mistress."

"I wanted to stay," I replied, "but my friend represented the danger so pressing—"

"How could you," the Irishman interrupted me, "believe that man to be your friend? He persuaded you to make your escape, in order to occupy your place in Finaldi's house, and in the heart of your mistress. However, his hope of supplanting you in the heart of the latter, was disappointed; that he succeeded with respect to the former, I need not tell you." "Alas!" I exclaimed, "then my foreboding has not deceived me." "Why did you suffer yourself," the Irishman continued, "to be taken in by false appearances? Why did you confide in a man of whose bad heart you could have convinced yourself by a vigorous trial? However I will not wound you by reproaches. You have been your own punisher." Here he stopped. I felt deeply the justice of his remarks, and could not bear any longer the sight of him. "I have imprisoned you," said I at length, "what can I do for you?" "Nothing," was his reply, "but to suffer justice to take its own course." "But if justice should be blind?" "Then," he replied, "I shall have an invisible guardian who will protect me, and break these fetters." With these words, he dismissed me; however, my mind has been dreadfully agitated ever since. I fancied I had arrested a villain, and am now convinced too late of my error. The consequences of my rashness will bear heavy upon him; if he is not saved by a miracle, then he certainly will be burnt alive. The judges of this extraordinary man have discovered, during his imprisonment, matters of so singular a nature, that they firmly believe him to be a sorcerer, and you know, Count, how inexorable our laws are with regard to that point. If he dies, his blood will cry loudly against me.

"You will now see, what I have said in the beginning of my letter is connected. You shall soon hear again from me, and receive a faithful account of the issue of a trial, which fills me with gloomy apprehensions." "Till then farewell! &c. &c. &c."

(To be continued.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ST. HERBERT—A TALE.

(Continued from page 302.)

"THE jests of the unfeeling or imprudent, and the humiliating pity of the malicious, added fresh stings to my grief; and in a phrenzied mood, I fled from society to this place, which was then only inhabited by Indians, persuading myself that thus removed from the cause of my chagrin, I should soon regain my wonted tranquility. But solitude did not effect it—I had too much time for reflection; night brought with it no rest—sleep abandoned me, and while even the beasts closed their eyes, mine were open, straining to catch the first faint gleam of the tardy day—and when that day appeared—I brooded in silence over the machinations to which the hours of darkness had given birth in my festered breast. Plans of cruel revenge became so familiar to my thoughts, that I at length resolved upon the execution of a most barbarous one—namely, to build this prison, then to return to New-York, assassinate your father—by stratagem to seize your mother, and tearing her from her family, bring her here with me and confine her for life—this method of vengeance afforded me all the satisfaction, that so bitter a heart as mine can be supposed capable of feeling; and having procured workmen and materials, in less than a year the house was completed and furnished in the present style.

"I now set out for my native city, with all the necessary preparations for prosecuting my design; but Providence saw fit to defeat them—for at the first inn where I alighted in the city—I was informed that your mother had taken a voyage to the West-Indies, accompanied by your father, and that my dear mother was lying dangerously ill. Shocked with the intelligence I hurried to her house, and was admitted to her chamber, by a weeping domestic—there I beheld my amiable parent, surrounded by her children and friends, who were come to take an everlasting farewell of her; the spirit seemed just ready to forsake its frail tenement, but on my name being pronounced, she opened her eyes again, and as I stooped down to embrace her, she twined her emaciated arm around my neck: 'Now' (said she) 'my prayer is granted—my son is returned to take care of my three helpless girls—yes, my boy, I leave them to your charge, be to them kind and tender as I have been to you; and you my daughters, be dutiful and affectionate to him, as he has been to me—I leave you all my blessing.'—In a few moments after she expired.

"As I had now a heavy charge upon my hands, I endeavoured to reconcile myself to my situation as much as possible. I again went into business, gave the girls good educations, and so greatly increased my property, as to be enabled to give them genteel fortunes had they ever lived to marry; but Louisa's mother was the only one who changed her name, the other two dying young---and her partner dying suddenly a few days after your Louisa was born, it so wrought upon her sensible mind and delicate frame, that in the course of a fortnight she was laid in the grave of her excellent *Howard*, leaving me to cherish the infant.

"From the time that I first quitted this place, till you took away my Louisa, I never had an expectation of returning, neither had I ever mingled among men any more that what was absolutely necessary for carrying on my business. I, however, frequently saw your father, and did him all the ill offices in my power, incessantly nourishing hatred against him in my bosom, and every time that I heard of his prosperity, I cursed my fate that it had not been in my power to prevent it---this was the situation of my mind when I first saw you at my house.

"I had frequently pressed Louisa to bestow her hand upon a particular favourite of mine, and she as frequently refused, telling me she did not like him---but as he was rich, handsome, sensible, and worthy, I rather suspected that she had formed some attachment unknown to me, and accordingly questioned her strictly, when she ingenuously confessed that she had lately seen a young gentleman pass through our street very often, whose air and countenance had so far prepossessed her in his favour, that she never could be happy if united with another---she did not know his name, but promised to point him out to me the first time she saw him. My surprize at seeing you at my house, was only equalled by her telling me that you were the person---and in the heat of my fury, I determined upon forcing to that compliance from which your affection rescued her."

(To be continued.)

ANNA.

An Enigmatical list of YOUNG LADIES, of this city.

1. Three-fourths of a shrub, a consonant, and half of the Bishop of Rome.
2. Three-fourths of an useless herb, one fourth of a salute, and a serpentine letter.
3. Four-eighths of a musical instrument, and three-sixths of to add.
4. Three-fourths of a piece of Jewish music, a consonant, three-fourths of a small brook changing a letter, and a male child.
5. A West-India island, changing a letter.
6. Three-eighths of a son of Jacob, and a fishing tackle.
7. Three-sixths of an under coat, and half of hurtful.
8. A falling out, and three-eighths of a title of honour.

NEW-YORK, March 23, 1796.

EUGENE.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Forster, Mr. GEORGE TOWNSEND, Merchant, to Miss ELIZABETH BOWNE.

Same evening by the Rev. Dr. Provost, Mr. NICHOLAS G. RUTGERS, to Miss CORNELIA LIVINGSTON, daughter of John Livingston, Esq.

On Sunday se'nnight, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. EZRA WEEKS, to Miss ELIZABETH HITCHCOCK, both of this city.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. John M. Mason, Mr. THOMAS RICH, Merchant, to Miss SARAH WATSON; also, John R. BANCER, Merchant, of the house of D. Bethune and Co. to Miss MARGARETTA WATSON, all of this city.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 20th to the 26th inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at				Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.		
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	5, P. M.	deg. 100		8.	1.	6.
MAR. 20	30	46	39	deg. 100	NW. do. S.	clear	do.	do.
21	41	47	43		SE. do. do.	cloudy	do.	do.
22	41	50	53		NE. do. do.	cloudy	do.	do.
23	44		59	51 50	NE. SE. do.	clear	do.	do.
24	46		44	50 42	N. NW. do.	cloudy	clear	do.
25	28	50	34	75 38	N. W. do.	clear	do. do.	
26	33	75	42	38	NE. SW. S.	clear	do. do.	

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MON CHER AMI,

In answer to the Song of "Ma Chère Amie."

BY A YOUNG LADY OF THIS CITY.

MON cher Ami, thy tender vows
With fond delight my Heart allows!
And from each meaner passion free,
It beats---it pants alone for thee.

Endear'd by friendship's sacred name,
'Till life's last eve shall last our flame;
And my expiring breath shall be
Spent in a fervent prayer for thee.

Thus unrecorded by a sigh,
Each hour shall pass unheeded by;
And this remain my firm decree---
To live and die alone for thee.

NEW-YORK, Nov. 22, 1793.

ON PRESENTING FLOWERS TO A LADY.

ACCEPT this fragrant gift, of blooming hue,
Which in their sweetness so resemble you;
Expressive emblems of that spotless mind,
Those manners gentle, and that soul refin'd:
But as you view them, still they seem to say,
Tho' we shall perish, you shall ne'er decay;
But in untading beauty shall appear,
The fragrant blossom of each circling year.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH;

A NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

(Continued from page 304.)

"ALAS! my son," the hermit said,
 "Why do I live to say,
 "The rightful lord of these domains
 "Is banish'd quite away?
 "Ten winters now have shed their snows
 "On this my lowly hall,
 "Since valiant Hotspur (so the north
 "Our youthful lord did call.)
 "Against fourth Henry Bolingbroke
 "Led up his northern powers,
 "And stoutly fighting, lost his life
 "Near proud Salopia's towers.
 "One son he left, a lovely boy,
 "His country's hope and heir,
 "And, oh! to save him from his foes
 "It was his grandfire's care.
 "In Scotland safe, he plac'd the child,
 "Beyond the reach of strife;
 "Nor long before, the brave old Earl
 "At Bramham lost his life.
 "And now the Percy name, so long
 "Our northern pride and boast,
 "Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;
 "Their honours reft and lost.
 "No chieftain of that noble house,
 "Now leads our youth to arms;
 "The bordering Scots dispoil our fields,
 "And ravage all our farms.
 "Their halls and castles, once so fair,
 "Now moulder in decay,
 "Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
 "And bear their wealth away.
 "Not far from hence, where yon full stream
 "Runs winding down the lea,
 "Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
 "And overlooks the sea.
 "Those towers, alas! now stand forlorn,
 "With noisome weeds o'erspread,
 "Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
 "And where the poor were fed.
 "Meantime far off, 'mid Scottish hills,
 "The Percy lives unknown;
 "On strangers bounty he depends,
 "And may not claim his own.
 "O might I with these aged eyes,
 "But live to see him here,
 "Then should my soul depart in bliss!—"
 He said, and dropt a tear.
 "And is the Percy still so lov'd
 "Of all his friends and thee?
 "Then, bless me father," said the youth,
 "For I, thy guest, am he."
 Silent he gazed, then turn'd aside
 To wipe the tears he shed;
 And lifting up his hands and eyes,
 Pour'd blessings on his head;

"Welcome, our dear and much lov'd lord,
 "Thy country's hope and care:
 "But who may this young lady be,
 "That is so wondrous fair."
 "Now father listen to my tale,
 "And thou shalt know the truth,
 "And let thy sage advice direct
 "My inexperienced youth.
 "In Scotland I've been nobly bred,
 "Beneath the Regent's hand,
 "In feats of arms, and every lore
 "To fit me for command.
 "With fond impatience long I burn'd
 "My native land to see;
 "At length I won my guardian friend,
 "To yield that boon to me.
 "Then up and down in hunter's garb
 "I wandered as in chace,
 "Till in the noble Neville's house,
 "I gain'd a hunter's place.
 "Sometime with him I liv'd unknown,
 "Till I'd the hap so rare,
 "To please this young and gentle dame,
 "That Baron's daughter fair."
 "Now, Percy," said the blushing maid,
 "The truth I must reveal;
 "Souls great and generous, like thine,
 "Their noble deeds conceal.
 "It happened on a summer's day,
 "Led by the fragrant breeze,
 "I wandered forth to take the air
 "Among the green-wood trees.
 "Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
 "That near in ambush lay,
 "Moss-troopers from the border-side,
 "There seiz'd me for their prey.
 "My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
 "But heaven, that saw my grief,
 "Brought this brave youth within my call,
 "Who flew to my relief.
 "With nothing but his hunting spear,
 "And dagger in his hand,
 "He sprung like lightning on my foes,
 "And caus'd them soon to stand.
 "He fought, till more assistance came;
 "The Scots were overthrown;
 "Thus freed me, captive, from their hands
 "To make me more his own."
 "O happy day!" the youth replied;
 "Blest were the wounds I bare!
 "From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,
 "And listen to my prayer.
 "And when she knew my name and birth
 "She vow'd to be my bride;
 "But ah! we fear'd (alas the while!)
 "Her princely mother's pride:
 "Sister of haughty Bolingbroke,
 "Our houses' ancient foe,
 "To me, I thought, a banish'd wight,
 "Could ne'er such favour show.

(To be continued.)